

# Miscellaneous Cabinet.

NON QUO, SED QUOMODO.

VOL. I.] SCHENECTADY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1823. [NO. 15.

## FEMALE EDUCATION.

In the Essay of *Madame Maissonneuve*, which was concluded in our last number, we have given our readers some excellent observations, comprising the grand outlines of this interesting subject, which is becoming every day more and more important. These outlines *ought* to be filled up. We shall continue the subject, at intervals if not uninterruptedly, either by gleanings or by original communications.

## FLOWERS.

There are many abstruse sciences which seem to be altogether incompatible with the study of *belles lettres*, and which would be neither useful nor ornamental in *female education*. Botany, however, we believe, ought not to be included in the number. The culture of *flowers* appears to have been intended as the peculiar province of the fair: who cannot, consequently, become too intimately acquainted with their nature, properties and history. The luxuriant fancy of Milton allotted this delightful employment to Eve, almost as soon as she came from the hands of her Maker. Surely her fair descendants will not hesitate to follow so laudable an example, with the tuneful Darwin for a guide and preceptor.

N. Y. Mirror.

MR. EDITOR,

The enclosed is the production of a young lady of fourteen, a pupil in Mr. Hoxie's Academy, at St. Matthew's. It was written as a school exercise in composition, and is sent to you *verbatim*.

If you think its insertion in your interesting paper will tend to excite emulation, you will, by giving it a place, oblige some of your young readers. T.

"The sun is lovely when he is about to set in the heavens; and the moon appears beautiful when she is rising; yet far more lovely, and far brighter shines the tear of Pity, when it trickles o'er misfortune's bier. The murmur of the gale that whispers through the summer's grove, is sweet to the ear; and soft is the tone of friendship, and softer the tale of love: yet sweeter and softer than all these is the voice of Pity, which mourns the sorrows of another. Is there a spark in earthly mould fraught with heavenly fire? That spark is Pity's. Is there one trait of virtue man holds

dear? That trait is compassion for other's woe! It is richer than the richest diadem, or all that wealth or art can show or procure; it is the pearl of sensibility, and even angels must admire it. What is wealth or honour, power or pomp, in competition with it? To sink in the last decay of nature, without one friend to mourn over us, and to die away like embers, this is sorrow's deadliest curse; not even a worse nor hate nor hell can form. Oh, to hear the soft melting accents of Pity, what can be more delightful? It is like music to the ear. And when I resign this body to the dust, oh may some friend shed over me the tear of Pity, and mourn my loss: it will be better than the most costly monument!"

(Ibid.)

AUGUSTA.

## Science, Arts, &c.

From the Boston Journal of Philosophy and the Arts.

Remarks on the insensibility of the Eye to certain Colours. By JOHN BUTTER, M. D., F. L. S., M. W. S. &c. &c.; Resident Physician at Plymouth. In a letter to Dr. Brewster. [Edin. Phil. Jour.]

MY DEAR SIR,

Knowing how much you have directed your attention to the subject of optics, and that every variation connected with the ordinary phenomena of vision is interesting to you, I transmit, without further apology, the particulars of the following case, which my friend, Dr. Tucker of Ashburton, Devon, has lately made known to me in the instance of his own son; about two years ago, Mr. Robert Tucker, who is now aged 19, and the eldest member of a family of four children, discovered that he was unable to distinguish several of the primitive colours from each other. He was employed in making an artificial fly for fishing, intending to have constructed the body of the fly with silk of an orange colour, whereas he used that of a green. When the error was pointed out to him by his younger brother, he could not believe it, until it was confirmed by other persons. Threads of orange and green silk were then twisted round his finger, and he could not perceive any difference in them, but thought them to be the same coloured thread twisted several times. This circumstance led to a trial of his powers for distinguishing other colours, and the following are the results which have been ascertained, taken correctly by frequent repetition, and confirmed by the trials made in my presence. Many of the leading or primitive col-

ours, he neither knows when they are shown nor remembers after they have been pointed out to him. Certain colours are confounded with each other. Orange he calls green, and green colours orange; red he considers as brown, and brown as red; blue silk looks to him like pink, and pink of a light blue colour; indigo is described as purple. The seven prismatic colours seen in the Spectrum, are described in the following manner:

COLOURS.	COLOURS.
1. Red, mistaken for . . . . .	Brown.
2. Orange, . . . . .	Green.
3. Yellow, generally known, but sometimes taken for . . . . .	Orange.
4. Green, mistaken for . . . . .	Orange.
5. Blue, . . . . .	Pink.
6. Indigo, . . . . .	Purple.
7. Violet, . . . . .	Purple.

So that yellow colour alone is known to a certainty. The colours were shown to him on silk on feathers, and in Syne's book of colours, with uniform result. Red and brown colours appear the same, as well as green and orange, blue and pink, and indigo and purple. With the exception of black or white objects, which he seldom mistakes, all colours are by him divided into three classes, viz.

Class 1st, includes red and brown.

2d. blue, pink, indigo, violet, and purple.

3d. green and orange colours.

He can generally say, with certainty, to which of these three classes any colour belongs, but he mistakes one colour for another. A difference in the shades of green he can distinguish, though not the green colour itself from the orange. Soldiers' scarlet coats appear red. Grass looks green.\* The colours of horses are quite unknown to him, except a white or black horse. A bay, a chesnut, and a brown horse, is described of the same colour. The colours of the rainbow or of the moon, appear nearly the same, being twofold; at least two distinct colours only are seen, which he calls yellow and blue. A blue coat, however he can distinguish from a black, but this circumstance may be owing to the metal buttons in the one coat, and not in the other; and a yellow vest is always known to him.—By day, he called carmine red, lake red, and crimson red, purple, in Werner's book of colours by Syne; but by candle light his error was detected, and the colours were called red with a tinge of blue. Black, which is the negation of all colour, could not be distinguished by him from a bottle green colour, in one instance, though the difference was quite obvious to myself. Black, white, and yellow bodies are, however, recognised with tolerable certainty; though the shades of white, which again is but the beam of all colours, are not distinguishable. The shades of green can be

\*It is remarkable that green, which is the softest of colours, and composed of yellow and blue, should be mistaken for orange on every substance except on grass.

distinguished from each other, as already stated, though none of them are known from orange. Duck-green, he called a red, and sap-green an orange colour. If he closed one eye and looked with the other, the results were not altered. His health has been good.—This defect has not sprung from disease, it bears no relation to nyctalopia or amaurosis only in its probable seat; it is natural, not morbid.

*Description of eyes.*—Mr. R. Tucker's eyes appear to be very well formed, being oblate spheroids with corneæ, neither remarkably convex nor flat. Irides light ash-colour.—His vision is exceedingly acute. It has been frequently exemplified in finding bird's nests, in shooting small birds, and in reading minute print at a short or long distance. Light appears to him as light. He sees the forms of surrounding objects like other people at noon-day, in the twilight, and at night. In short, his sight is remarkably good in any light or at any distance. His grandfather, on his mother's side, seems not to have possessed the faculty of distinguished colours with accuracy.

*General Remarks.*—Physiologists may speculate in opinion, whether or not this deficiency in the faculty of perceiving colours, as exemplified in the instance of Mr. R. Tucker, depended on the eye as the instrument and organ of vision, or on the sensorium to which all impressions made on the retina of the eye are referred, and in which the faculty or power of discriminating colours is supposed to reside. Vision, regarded as a sensation, is only one medium of communication, which the brain or common sensorium has with the external world. The other senses afford other media. If an eye sees objects clearly, distinctly, and quickly, vision cannot be considered defective.—The faculty, whatever it may be, wheresoever it resides, of discriminating the differences between different objects, certainly is not confined to the eye. The eye is but an optical instrument, serving for the purposes of vision; the judgment exercised upon the visual sensations, is an after process, and resides not in the eye. Still however the construction of the visual organ, modifies the appearances of objects presented to it. All eyes do not see equally well in the same light. Nevertheless, there is a standard of vision which we call common. A difference in the vision of eyes depends, not unfrequently, on the colours of the iris and tapetum. In Albinos, the iris is red. They cannot see distinctly in the day time, because the red rays of the sun are possibly reflected, while the rest may be absorbed. It is probable that the red rays may be reflected from the iris when most closed, in Albinos, because in them there is a deficiency in the pigmentum nigrum or black coating, which covers the choroid tunic, and which being wanting

allows the rays to be more reflected and less absorbed than they are in human eyes generally. Hence the pupil is almost closed in Albinos. Red, we know strikes the eye most forcibly, as it is the least refrangible colour.—In optics, it is proved that red bodies reflect the red rays, while they absorb the rest, and green colours reflect green rays, and possibly the blue and yellow, but absorb the rest.—Still, however, the consciousness of colours does not depend on the colour of the iris, because one person having a dark iris, and another a light grey, can distinguish colours equally well; nor on the tapetum, by the same rule, though the use of this coloured matter in the eye, is not yet well made out. Herbivorous animals, as the ox, are supposed to have the tapetum in their eyes of a greener colour than carnivorous animals, in order to reflect the green colour of the pasturage: but this explanation given by *Monro primus*, does not hold good, for the hare, whose tapetum is of a brownish chocolate, and the stag which has a silvery blue tapetum inclining to a violet, is equally herbivorous with the ox. In man and apes, the tapetum is of a brown or blackish colour; in hares, rabbits and pigs, it is of a brownish chocolate. The ox has the tapetum of a fine green gilt colour, changing to a celestial blue; the horse, goat and stag, of a silvery blue changing to a violet; the sheep of a pale gilt-green sometimes bluish; the lion, cat, bear and dolphin, have it of a yellowish-gilt pale; the dog, the wolf and badger, of a pure white, bordering on blue. The use of the tapetum and of the pigmentum nigrum, can scarcely be said to be known. We can only infer, that the tapetum, if white, might, reflect all the rays and absorb none, and if black, as in man, it should absorb all the rays and reflect none. “Il est difficile,” says Cuvier, “de soupçonner l’usage d’une tache si éclatante dans un lieu si peu visible, *Monro* et d’autres avant lui, ont cru que le *tapis* du boeuf est vert, pour lui représenter plus vivement la couleur de son aliment naturel; mais cette explication ne convient pas aux autres especes.” Cuvier, *Leçons d’Anat. Comp.* tom. ii. 402. Birds and fishes may perceive colours as well as animals, though they have no tapetum. The vision of man is regarded the most perfect, and defective vision in old people, is sometimes produced by a deficiency of the black paint. These considerations do not, however, lead us to suppose, that the faculty of distinguishing the harmony of colours depends on the eye, any more than the concord of sounds does on the ear. The eye and the ear can be regarded only as instruments for bringing the sensorium, or thinking principle of man and animals, acquainted with whatever is visible or audible. The faculty, therefore, must reside elsewhere. Quickness

of vision never made a Newton, nor delicacy of hearing a Handel, nor fineness of touch a Reynolds, nor acuteness of smelling a Davy, nor accuracy of taste any philosopher whatever. For all that man sees, hears, touches, smells and tastes, constitutes only a specific difference in his sensations. These several sensations are compared, judged of, and distinguished from each other, by some internal principle which does not reside in the organs themselves. It is the principle or discriminating faculty of colours which is wanting in Mr. R. Tucker. Pressure made on the optic or auditory nerves entering the brain will paralyse these organs which can neither see nor hear, unless their communication with the brain be preserved. Amaurosis sometimes arises from disease in the brain and deafness from a similar cause. The brain is the sensitive centre which feels all the sensations of light, sound, odour and taste. In palsy the latter is often annulled. In the instance of Mr. R. Tucker, there is no evidence whatever, to lead a person to suppose, that defects exist in the functional office of his eyes, for his vision is quick above par. Where, therefore does the fault lie? His eyes do their office, but the subsequent processes of perceiving, judging of, comparing and remembering, (as confined solely to colours, his other faculties being perfect,) are deficient. We must seek the explanation, therefore, in physiological, and not in optical science, for the phenomena do not depend on the mechanical construction of his eyes. Yours, &c. JOHN BUTTER.

*Observations on the preceding paper.*

By Dr. BREWSTER.

From the facts described in this very interesting paper, Dr. Butter has concluded, that Mr. R. Tucker’s imperfect vision of colours has a *physiological* and not an *optical* origin; and he proceeds in the conclusion of his paper (which we have omitted,) to fortify this conclusion by the statement, that Mr. R. Tucker is particularly defective in the “organ of colours.”

In giving an account of the case of Mr. Dalton, and others, whose eyes have an imperfect perception of colours, Dr. Thomas Young has remarked, (in opposition to Mr. Dalton’s opinion, that the vitreous humour of his own eye is of a deep blue tinge,) that “it is much more simple to suppose the absence or paralysis of those fibres of the retina which are calculated to perceive red.”

With regard to the existence of fibres in the retina, suited to the perception of different colours, we have no evidence; but it seems quite sufficient for the explanation of the leading facts, to suppose that the retina is insensible to certain colours.

Dr. Wollaston, in his interesting paper on

sounds audible to certain ears,\* has shown that ears both of the young and old, which are perfect with regard to the generality of sounds may at the same time, be completely insensible to such as are at one or the other extremity of the scale of musical notes; and I have lately ascertained, that some eyes which perform all the functions of vision in the most perfect manner, are insensible to certain impressions of highly attenuated light, which are quite perceptible to other eyes. Dr. Wollaston has given the most satisfactory explanation of this partial insensibility of the tympanum, and I conceive that the insensibility of some eyes to weak impressions of light, requires no other explanation, than that either from original organization, or some accidental cause, the retina of one person may be less delicate and less susceptible of luminous impressions than the retina of another, without being accompanied with any diminution of the powers of vision. If a sound ear, therefore, may be deaf to sounds of a certain pitch, without our looking for the cause of this in the form of any part of the brain, why should we appeal to such an uncertain guide for an explanation of the analogous phenomenon of the insensibility of the eye to certain colours.

\*See Boston Journal p. 26.

†Printed in the Bibliothèque Universelle, September, 1822.

## MASONICK.

*We have been politely favoured with the perusal of an address delivered before the members of Jamesville Lodge, No. 341, June 21, A. L. 5823, by M. E. Com. Saml. Mott, H. P. of Manlius R. A. Chapter. No. 72; the conclusion of which we extract for the gratification of our brethren.*

But, my brethren, can all of us say we pursue the paths which Masonry directs, perform the duties which it inculcates, and desist from those vices from which it commands us to abstain? If we can do this we deserve the name of Freemasons; if not, the title of "coward and eavesdroppers" will be more appropriate. I therefore call on each one present, who has received the rites, and to whom has been imparted the mysteries and secrets of Freemasonry, to lay his hand upon his heart and answer to the following questions: Do we receive the word of God as contained in the bible, as our system of faith as presented to us by God himself, and which we have reason to believe has been preserved and handed down through the instrumentality of masonry? Do we receive it as a rule to guide us through this rugged path of life, and which will direct us into all truth? Can we with

propriety put on the white apron, "that emblem of innocence and badge of a mason,"—and say, without the upbraidings of conscience, that we are pure and innocent, fit and prepared to be recipients of the bounty of the Great Architect in "further instructions" to qualify us for being received into the Grand Lodge above, where our great Grand Master, the supreme I AM, presides? Do we take the 24 inch gauge and divide our time as we ought? and after dividing, do we perform the duties of which it is emblematic? Do we use the common gavel and divest our "minds and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of this life, thereby fitting our bodies as living stones for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Do we in all our actions, both before God and man, act uprightly and justly, which we are taught to do by the plumb, using the square, "to square our actions by the square of virtue?" And do we always remember that "we are travelling on the level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns?" And while remembering this do we act so as to obtain a seat in the temple? Do we use the "trowel in spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection" as we are bound to, being masons? or do we not frequently speak ill of those with whom we have no particular reasons to be offended? and even brethren too? yes, the brethren whom we ought to support, and to whom we ought to give timely notice of all approaching danger?

And as I observe several here of the higher degrees, I will ask, do we use the chisel and mallet as we ought, making and engraving on our minds and consciences the moral precepts of masonry, and with the mallet setting our reason into operation, "curbing our ambition, depressing our envy and encouraging good dispositions," so that there may arise amongst us that comely order

*Which nothing earthly gives, nor can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy?*

Do we often think of that "white stone, on which was a new name written, which no man knoweth except those that receive it," and herefrom do we direct our thoughts to moral improvement and advantage? Do we think of that which signifies "the protecting, preserving and upholding power," which the incomparable Architect to us has vouchsafed? Do we think of that Temple, completed by Solomon, when "there was no more occasion for level or plumb line, for trowel or gavel, for compass or square," and when the "Ark was safely seated? And by these emblems are we endeavouring to obtain a seat in that ark which, when started from its moorings, will securely waft us from this world of woe in triumph to

the Temple above, there to be safely anchored in the calm and unruffled sea of immortal and never ending bliss? Do we supplicate the great I AM as from this temple, and entreat that "he will hear from his dwelling place," and when hearing, that he "will answer and forgive?" Do we remember the rugged paths we have trod, the obstructions we have met with and overcome? And while remembering this, do we think by whose all-powerful aid we were enabled to perform our journey? Do we see in our "eye of faith" the rod that budded and the manna that fell? and by this are we endeavouring to obtain that hope and faith, which, when budded, will blossom into eternal life, so that hereafter we may be permitted to partake of angels' food? Do we contemplate on the word contained in the book of the law, on all our duties, and on the great JEHOVAH, from whom all blessings flow? If we do these things according to the lights we have received, we are masons in deed as well as in name.— But on the contrary, if we neglect them, if we slander and profane our rites, our light will be the blackness of darkness; we can be no better than "cowans and eavesdroppers," and as such must meet our reward.

I trust, my brethren, we may all avoid this latter character, and that having acquired much useful knowledge, and having applied it to the discharge of our respective duties, to God, our neighbours and ourselves, we may, as master masons, enjoy the "happy reflections of a well spent life," offering up the incense of pure hearts, which is always acceptable to the benificent Author of our existence; recommending the practice of virtue to all created beings; remembering always the masonic virtues of "silence and circumspection;" acting as though we were conscious that the "All-seeing eye" was upon us: and when time shall launch us on the ocean of eternity, and the sand of life shall have gone, our spirits may mount the ladder of Jacob, on the rounds of "*Faith, Hope and Charity*," and soaring above the "wat'ry clouds of heaven," enter the wide spread portals of the temple above.

## DESULTORY.

### CONTESTED AUTHORSHIP.

The Waverly novels have been read with great interest by almost every body in this country, who has any pretensions to literary character; and thousands who do not pretend to be connoisseurs in literature, have likewise derived pleasure from their perusal. Like the celebrated JUVENES, but for very different reasons, the author has concealed his name. In the field of conjecture, the honour of giving credit to these unrivalled tracts of

interesting history, blended with fascinating fiction, has for a long time been conferred universally upon Walter Scott. Lately, however, the sticklers for Mr. Scott have found powerful adversaries in the party who claim for Dr. Greenfield the honour so long conferred upon the author of *Marmion*, &c. Among other advocates of Dr. Greenfield's title to the literary property in question, Mr. HOUSTON, the Editor of the *MINERVA*, a valuable miscellany published weekly in New-York, has taken the field during the last summer; and in several well written numbers has, we think, settled the question fairly, and indentified the "great unknown," as the author has been called, in the person of Dr. Greenfield.

*National Democrat.*

### SWISSERLAND.

It is painful to the mind to contemplate Swisserland as it was a few years ago, in contrast with the situation to which it is now reduced.

It consisted heretofore of twenty republics, forming (like the United States of America) one general republic; and, though a collective body without sovereignty, the people had this imperfection more than counterbalanced by the invaluable privilege of obeying their own laws, and of being governed by great and good men selected from amongst themselves. Its counsellors were wise, its soldiers valiant, its situation circumscribed, its politics peaceable, and its citizens happy.

Its ancient proud and independent spirit is extinguished. In the strong language of one who had suffered severely from the destruction of the Helvetic confederacy, "it is the empty and bloody skin of an immolated victim: it has nothing left now but rocks, ruins, and demagogues."

Yet that instinctive predilection which almost every man entertains for his native soil, is, perhaps of all others, the most deeply implanted in the heart of a Swiss. Whilst engaged in the service of a foreign country, on his march, or fighting its battles as a mercenary machine, the delightful air of the "*Ranz des Vaches*" will transport him beyond himself; it presents so exquisite a picture of the joys he has left behind him, that he will instinctively stand still: perhaps he will desert; and, if not allowed to do either, he will commit suicide. The French government, from a knowledge of these inevitable consequences, issued orders that this air should not be played to the Swiss soldiery under pain of military execution. For the gratification of the learned reader, we have subjoined a literal copy of this enchanting composition, which "takes the prisoned soul" of a Swiss, "and laps it in elysium."

## RANZ DES VACHES.

Quand reverrai-je, en un jour,  
Tous les objets de mon amour?  
Nos clairs ruisseaux,  
Nos coteaux,  
Nos hameaux.  
Nos montagnes,  
Et l'ornement de nos campagnes,  
La si-gentle ISABEAU?  
A l'ombre d'un ormeau  
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau?

Quand reverrai-je, en un jour,  
Tous les objets de mon amour?  
Mon pere,  
Ma mère,  
Mon frere,  
Ma sœur,  
Mes agneaux,  
Mes troupeaux,  
Ma bergère?

Quand reverrai-je, en un jour,  
Tous les objets de mon amour?

*In English.*

When shall I behold again, in one day, all the objects of my love? our clear streams, our cottages, our hamlets, our mountains, and the ornament of our fields, the gentle ISABELLA? Under the shade of an oak, when shall I dance once more to the sound of the pipe?

When shall I behold again, in one day, all the objects of my love? my father, my mother, my brother, my sister, my lambs, my flocks, my shepherdess? When shall I behold again, in one day, all these objects of my affection?

An English translation of the above in verse, is worthy the attempt of any of the most favoured sons of the Nine. A good one would immortalize a name.

## IRELAND.

The following character of Irish hospitality is taken from one of Curran's celebrated speeches.

"The hospitality of other country is a matter of necessity or convenience—in savage nations of the first—in polished of the latter; but the hospitality of an *Irishman* is not the running account of posted and legered courtesies as in other countries; it springs, like all his qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from his heart. The heart of an *Irishman* is by nature bold, and he confides; is tender, and he loves; is generous and he gives; social, and he is hospitable."

## FROM THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

**Inspector...No. 6.**

Some few weeks since, I was in company with a very aged gentleman, who, I found, had read many books—his mind was stored with historical facts, by which, on this subject, he could render himself highly interesting in almost every circle. With him you could talk of ancient times—of the golden age of antiquity—of the dark age, when ignorance, superstition and barbarity ruled the earth—of the rising dawn which gradually shone after this dark night, until the sun of modern days arose—and of the influence of this sun's rays upon different regions, with its present brilliant shining, by which even Afric's sands, and India's plains are now yielding fruits of righteousness. On the important subject of religion too, I found that he had not only read his Bible, but most of the books of religious controversy—and still to my great astonishment, he seemed to possess no fixed principles of religion; you could not hardly say that he was a Christian or an Infidel—an absolute Predestinarian, or an Arminian—or a Universalian.

To see a man of good sense who had received so many advantages of instruction, thus undecided, and so much in doubt on the most important of all subjects, that of religion, was a matter of astonishment to me at first, and led to a reflection on the cause. The result of this reflection has led to what I believe to be the true and undoubted cause; and with a hope that some one may be benefited, I now design to state it in this humble manner:

There are some books which may be read merely to store the mind with a knowledge of facts, without any absolute necessity of exercising our judgment upon them—though every truly wise man will make some important inference from almost every historical fact.—Such books may at least be read without any danger of leading the mind into scepticism.

Other books, however, there are, of different character—and such are all those which are written to establish some particular theory or doctrine. Such are the writings on politics, general law, and also religious writings.—These are addressed to the understanding, and call upon the judgement to act in giving its decision. Hence arises an important rule in reading such books; which is, that we should always decide upon their principles as soon as they are examined; without leaving the mind in doubt.

If we do not thus decide, we are driven into a state of scepticism—and the more we read in this way, the more sceptical we become.

In the examining principles of law, we are generally driven to a decision in applying it to some particular case—hence the reason why there exists so little scepticism on this subject:

but on religious subjects, inasmuch as we are not compelled to make an immediate decision, we read, and leave the point undecided in our minds—we read book after book in the same way, and never determine their merits—and thus we become completely nothing: and such was the case with my friend.

Now, to obviate this difficulty, whenever a book is read, we should sit as judge, and always make a decision. Thus, in reading the evidences in support of revelation, leave not the subject undecided, but determine at once, either *for* or *against*. Do the same in relation to all other of the principle questions of religious controversy. Were this done, we should have less infidelity—we should have less who are nothing, by being in a state of doubt.

“He that is not for me is against me,” saith the Saviour—hence, he that is in doubt upon the subject of religion, is its enemy—is against Christ.

There is much of human nature, and much to be learnt, from the story of the honest Dutchman who heard the Lawyers plead, and after the first had closed, said, *You have got the case*—but after hearing his antagonist, he exclaimed, *Truly the case is yours*. Thousands follow this same example, which we are disposed to ridicule, when they read books of infinite importance. Many, too who would be considered men of high standing; who, in other things are men of sound judgment, and useful to society; but who, by refusing to judge upon that which concerns the soul and immortality, live in miserable doubt.

Are any of the readers of this scroll in such a state of doubts, I shall consider myself amply rewarded, besides rendering thanks to the father of Spirits, if a hint be taken from this, never to read any more books without an exercise of judgment, determining either for or against the principles which they maintain.—My observations upon men and things are only made that I may draw something to improve myself, and as far as my influence can go, to benefit my fellow creatures.

Sept. 1823.

### THE DRUNKARD.

Walking a few nights since in the environs of the city, I was accosted by a man ragged, lean and cadaverous, who pulled off his hat, and craved “a crumb of charity.” Begging, my friend, said I, is a very poor employment for a man like you; “I know it, sir,” replied he, “but I cannot help it—I have been out of employ upwards of a year—I enlisted in the United States service, and since I left it I have not earned a cent.” Have you a family, said I—“I have a wife and four, children, and only knows what will become of them, for

they have not had a bit of bread to-day. My wife gets a little to do now and then, but times are bad—” If you will go with me my friend, said I, I doubt not but I can procure you employment, which will afford you the means of supporting your family with decency. The man hesitated, and seemed somewhat confused. At last he replied, “I—I am obliged to you sir; but I—I am not able to work; I have been in a—consumption—a long time; I hope I shall be in heaven before long.” I knew not, at first, what to think of this man, and his tale of woe; but now his manner of speaking excited suspicions as to the reality of his distress. At any rate, thought I, I will give him a shilling—the sum will not be much, and I shall perhaps be enabled to satisfy myself respecting him. As I slipped the money into his hat he bowed and retired.

I determined to watch him, and accordingly followed him unperceived for some distance; at length he turned into a grocery store, and called for “something to drink!” I was struck with surprise when I saw the poor wretch, after pitching a couple of glasses of brandy down his throat, throw down the shilling which he had extorted from me, telling the grocer to keep the balance in part payment of his old score, which he said was now about 75 cents. It would have been useless for me to have discovered myself to him; I therefore inquired his residence of a woman who stood at the door, who appeared to be the grocer’s wife. I have since learned that he has an amiable wife and four small children, which, a year or two ago, he maintained comfortably; but, alas! the demon, DRUNKENNESS, has crept into the house which was late the abode of peace and contentment. The man who was once diligent in business, a kind and affectionate father, a tender husband, now roams the streets in idleness—passes most of his time in intoxication, loitering in the tavern and grog-shop, or sleeping on the stalls in the markets on Sundays. When he comes home in the night, he abuses his wife and children in the most cruel manner, and all the hopes the afflicted wife has of relief from her situation, centre in the event of his death, which she daily expects, for it is not possible that such a drunkard should exist long. She supports her children with her own hands, labouring night and day for their subsistence. I intended to have visited her, but have not as yet had an opportunity. The incident has greatly impressed my mind, which has occasioned a variety of reflections which it would be useless to mention; I therefore leave the reader to make his own remarks upon this subject, and subscribe myself,

PERAMBULATOR.

## Poetick Department.

MR. EDITOR.—I believe the following *Ænigma*, by lord Byron, has never been published in any of his works. I received a copy of it in manuscript from a friend. As I should like to have it preserved in your paper, (of which I keep a file,) you will oblige me, and doubtless some of your readers, by publishing it in your next number.

LOUISA.

## ÆNIGMA.

'Twas whisper'd in heaven, and mutter'd in hell,  
An echo caught softly the sound as it fell;  
In the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,  
And the depths of the ocean its presence confest.  
'Twas seen in the lightning and heard in the thunder,  
'Twill be found in the spheres when riven asunder;  
It was given to man in his earliest breath;  
It assists at his birth and attends him in death;  
Presides o'er his happiness honor and health;  
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.  
It begins every hope every wish it must bound;  
And, tho' unassuming, with monarchs is crown'd.  
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,  
But is seen to be lost in the prodigal heir.  
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,  
But wo to the wretch who expels it from home.  
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,  
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned,  
It softens the heart and tho' deaf to the ear,  
'Twill make it acutely and instantly hear.  
In shades let it rest like an elegant flower,  
Oh breath on it softly, it fades in an hour!

The following lines, among the best ever produced by a pen uninspired of the Holy Spirit, are probably familiar to many of our readers. No one who ever read them, however, but will delight to reperuse them, and to have them bound up as a keepsake.—They were written, (who would believe it!) in America,

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

## THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

He comes not—I have watch'd the moon go down,  
And yet he comes not—once it was not so.  
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,  
The while he holds his riot in that town.  
Yet he will come and elude, and I shall weep;  
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,  
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.  
Oh how I love a mother's watch to keep  
Over these sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers  
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fix'd and deep.  
I had a husband once, who loved me—now  
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,  
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,  
As bees, from laurel flowers poison sip;  
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,  
When I could hang forever on his eye,  
And time, who stole with silent swiftness by,  
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.  
I loved him then—he loved me too—my heart  
Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;  
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;  
And though he often sting me with a dart,  
Venom'd and barbed, and waste upon the vile,

Cares which his babe and mine should share;  
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear  
His madness—and should sickness come, and lay  
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then  
I would, with kindness, all my wrongs repay,  
Until the penitent should weep and say,  
How injured and how faithful I had been.

## THE ONE GRAND POINT.

A PETER PINDARIC.

When man and wife,  
As oft in life,  
Both equally in fault we see,  
It needs must strike,  
That so alike,  
It's wonderful they cant agree!  
But Dr. JOHNSON, moral sage,  
Reviewed the past and present age,  
And ventur'd to declare,  
That Marriage (such its hapless fate)  
Was clearly an unnat'ral state,  
Which none could calmly bear.  
"For mark," said he, "what laws are made;  
How binding, nothing can evade,  
When stripes arise, and stormy weather,  
Yet spite of all the law's dominion,  
Custom and force of old opinion,  
Can scarcely keep the two together,"  
A wedded pair there once existed,  
'Twixt whom these doctrines were divided;  
The husband in the last persisted,  
The wife was for the first decided.  
Constant in their squabbles all day long,  
Their nightly theme, their morning's song—  
Their faith was this, *Whatever is, is WRONG*!  
One day, the usual storm subsiding,  
(For breathless, all must leave off chiding,)  
The Dame began to smoothe her brows,  
And thus address'd her peevish spouse:—  
"Really, my dear, I can't conceive  
Why little things should make us grieve,  
And put our tempers out of joint,  
When neither cares how these succeed,  
And we are perfectly agreed  
About the main, the one grand point."  
"Agreed!" the man exclaimed, "what stuff!  
In what grand point, I pray?"  
"The grandest point—'tis clear enough,  
As you," said she, "shall say;  
Agreed in this, which not a fool  
Will venture to deny—  
You wish to rule,  
And so do I?"

## EVENING.

By the Rev. G. Croley.

When eve is purpling cliff and cave,  
Thoughts of the heart, how soft ye flow!  
Not softer on the western wave  
The golden lines of sunset glow.  
Then all by chance or fate removed,  
Like spirits crowd upon the eye;  
The few we liked—the one we loved;  
And the whole heart is memory.  
And life is like the fading hour,  
Its beauty dying as we gaze;  
Yet as the shadows round us lower,  
Heaven pours above the brighter blaze.  
When morning sheds its gorgeous dye,  
Our hope, our heart, to earth is given,  
But dark and lonely is the eye  
That turns not, as its eve to heaven.

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